From the Gospel Messenger.

JAMAICA.*

Pale are thy skies, Jamaica,
That bend above his grave!
Low are the whisp'rings of thy flowers
That lightly o'er him wave!

Yon mountain hath one sacred spot,
It weareth as a crown,
And there, as weary, toiling up,
To sleep they laid him down.

They knew he would have loved the place,
And there his grave they drest,
Where shadows from the Mango trees
Might play across his breast.

They knew the earliest sunbeam there
Would fall about his head,
And this seemed meet for one who passed
So early to the dead.

Oh, Mother! in that hour they wept,
And thought upon the sea,
Whose white-winged ships would nevermore
Come joyously to thee!

Oh, for the trembling, yearning hopes
Crushed with that peaceful day!
God of the broken hearted! might
This cup but pass away!

But no! the hand that fashioneth
The stars about the throne,
And is it shortened from the paths
Through which He leads His own!

And this thy child—how sure his feet
Were planted toward the day!
As step by step he passed, our gaze
Was upward—and away!

The treasures of his youthful toils,
Sweet relics have they brought,
And laid them, mother, at thy feet,
Themes of his growing thought!

He seemed thro' all earth's beauteous things
To catch the distant light!
And turning, asked the "narrow way"
The heavenly hills in sight.

Fair be thy skies, Jamaica,
That bend above his grave,
Low, low the whispering of thy flowers
That lightly o'er him wave!

There *is* a clime where Hope no more
Shall agonize with Death!
There *is* a clime where love shall live
Upon immortal breath!

There *is* a fold—a bright, bright *fold*,
Whose Shepherd's gentle breast
Pillows the loved, far, far among
The sinless and the blest!

List, mother! "Tho' the night be long
At *morn* shalt thou rejoice!"
It is the Lord from heaven who speaks!
It is the Shepherd's voice! L. B. W.

*Died of Consumption in the Island of Jamaica, Dec. 7, 1850, FRANK GOSS, aged 16 years, son of Mrs. F. M. Goss, of New-York.

FROM NEW-YORK TO NINEVEH.

VI.

PANORAMA OF THE UPPER DANUBE.

Editorial Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune.

VIENNA, Thursday, Oct. 16, 1851.

While plodding along the highway from Vienna to Linz in the Summer of 1845, I frequently saw the Danube, gleaming to the northward in the lap of its magnificent valley. I crossed it afterward at Ulm, where it comes fresh from its fountains, and parted from it with my love for its name and associations strengthened by the slight acquaintance. But within the last five days I have sailed 400 miles on its breast, and felt its might and majesty as never before. It has completely displaced the Rhine, which I had held to be without peer among European rivers; and as this preference is contrary to the general opinion, (probably because one person visits the Danube where ten visit the Rhine,) a rapid sketch of the scenery from Donauworth to Vienna may help to justify it.

The Danube is a lordly river. It does not drip from the edges of the glaciers, like the Rhine, the Rhone and the Po, but gushes at once to life, a lusty stream, in the garden of a Prince. Nor does the flood, in its waxing course, sully the nobility of its birth. One race and one language alone cannot measure its extent, but from its cradle in the Black Forest till it mingles with the Euxine, it draws its waters from Suabia and Bavaria and Franconia; from the meadows of the Engaddin, in the Upper Alps; from the hills of Bohemia; from Tyrol and Illyria; from Hungary and Servia, and from the lands of the Turk and the Muscovite. Its youth is crystal-clear, rapid, and bears the aroma of the Northern fir; its old age stagnates in the lazy languor of the Orient. It is like one of those vickings of the eighth century, who went with the frost and fire of Iceland to wallow in the luxury of the Byzantine court. It bears the hymns of Luther sung in the places where Luther dwelt, and it hears the muezzin call from his minaret the name of Mahomet.

But its historical interest!—What grander associations than Attila and his Huns, or the Dacians before them? And is not Belgrade a stirring name, and John Sobieski's victory before the walls of Vienna something to remember? Cœur de Lion's prison looked on the river; and its waves are still lighted with the splendor of the Nibelungen Lay. What has the Rhine to surpass these? It has much to be sure: a tower on every headland, and a legend to every tower. It sings a legend throughout the length of its Highlands—a "powerful melody," like that of the Lorcley, but no grander strain. The Rhine is legendary: the Danube is epic. Its associations have a broad and majestic character; they are connected with historical movements more vast, and lead us back to more remote and obscure periods. The stream itself, as it flows with a full current, now losing its way on interminable plains, now plunging into mountain-defiles where there seems no hope of outlet, has something vague and undefinable in its expression. The ruins which crown its banks are grim and silent; they have lost their histories, or refuse to give them up. The wild woods of the Middle Ages still keep possession of valley, that come down from the mysterious Bœhmer-Wald, and as you look up their silent depths, home of the stag and wild bear, you think of the wehr-wolves with a light shiver in your blood.

I forget: I am giving you the effect of the Danube, before I have shown you its landscapes. If seeing them through my eyes does not bring you to the same conclusion, I am either a very indifferent Banyard, or you have hopelessly sold yourself to "Childe Harold" and "Hyperion."

Take then, with me, an affectionate leave of Nuremberg. It rains dismally, and the high and barren watershed of Middle Europe, over which the Railroad passes, is fast becoming a quagmire. The plains are drowned with six months of incessant moisture, and the low hills of ragged fir-trees seem ready to sink into them. We pass numerous dull villages and two or three tolerable towns, and after more than fifty miles of such travel, strike an affluent of the Danube and descend with it through the hills to Donauworth.

This town is of no note, except as being the head of navigation on the river. We did not even enter it, but took lodgings in "The Crab," which stands by the water-side, and which gave us, without lifting our heads from the pillows, a night-view of the plain toward Ulm, and the swollen flood flashing in fitful gleams of moonlight. In the morning my brother left us, to proceed to Munich; Mr. L. and myself took the steamer for Regensburg.

The arrowy river swung our bow round with its course, and carried us rapidly onward, through vast, marshy flats, thickly set with willows, where, at times, we were in as complete a solitude, as the untenanted banks of our Western rivers exhibit. The current is exceedingly tortuous, and we frequently faced all points of the compass in going a single league. On the northern side, a chain of rolling hills, the first terraces of the central table-land, sometimes approach the river, but do not add to the amenity of its landscapes. They are covered with a scattering growth of beech and oak, cleared away in places for grain, or planted with lean-looking vineyards; still, there is something fine and bold in their outlines, especially when, on turning a corner, we see the next headland before us, stretching far into the blue distance. On our right appears the *Donaumoos*, a morass which fills all our southern horizon. It is drained by 132 canals, but the river is now so high that the current in these sluices flows backward and fills them.

We pass Ingolstadt, a town surrounded by a massive wall, a deep moat and outworks of most ponderous character—all as new and shining as the helmets of the Bavarian soldiers on guard. Why this fortification is wanted now, and why it should be built in the center of a plain where it commands nothing and protects nothing, is about as clear to me as to the aforesaid soldiers. But before I have fairly settled the question, we are among the mountains again. Here they are steep and abrupt; woods of autumnal brown and purple, relieved by the dark-green of the fir, wave from their precipices of white limestone rock, and soften their outlines against the clear sky. The scenery reminds me of America, and I enjoy it accordingly. A large white Benedictine cloister, under the shadow of the cliffs, breaks the resemblance: but what is this? The Danube is at an end, and we are drifting with the furious flood full against a crag two hundred feet in height. A rough image of the Madonna looks out from a niche scooped in the rock, and the crew take off their hats as we shoot past. Lo a miracle has been wrought; the terrible wall is cleft at right angles, and our boat turns so sharply into the narrow strait, that the giddy summit overhangs our deck.

Crash! goes a report like the peal of a thousand cannon, but it is only one, which the captain has ordered to be fired for our astonishment. The sound rolls down the chasm, striking heavily on the perpendicular walls, as if the Indian's Bird of Thunder were caught here, and flapping his wings in a vain effort to escape. He reaches the top at last, and sullenly soars off into silence. Still downward we speed with the foaming river, almost grazing the sides of our passage-way as we clear its sudden windings, till at length a wider reach in the mountains opens before us, and we take a long breath of relief. All through these cañons of the Danube the rocks are pierced with bolts near the water, from which hang iron rings, used by the boatmen in their slow and difficult assent.

The great plain of Bavaria, extending beyond Munich to the Alps, was evidently at one time the bed of an inland sea, whose waters at last tore this passage through the mountains. The rocks exhibit the same appearances as those of the Rhine at Bingen, and the Potomac at Harper's Ferry, but the pass is much more narrow, rugged and peculiar than either. Beyond it, the mountains give the Danube room, and his vexed current takes a broader sweep and rolls with a more majestic motion. As we approach Ratisbon (Regensburg,) they disappear from the southern bank, and leave the city seated on the plain.

At Ratisbon, which we reached at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, we remained the following day, in order to visit the Walhalla. This celebrated edifice, built by the Ex-King Louis of Bavaria, stands on the summit of a hill over-looking the river, about six miles to the eastward of the city. The morning brought with it a dense fog, through which we felt our way to the village of Donaustauf. The Walhalla was not visible, but some peasant women showed us a foot-path leading up to a church on the hill. There were shrines on the way, and we were obliged to step carefully past several persons who were ascending on their knees. Behind the church the path plunged into a wood of young oaks, redolent with moist autumnal fragrance. After half a mile of gradual ascent, we issued from the trees upon a space of level ground on which stood the Walhalla, looming grandly through the uprolling mists. I deem it fortunate that my first view was from the summit of the hill, on a level with the base of the building. Seen thus, it will be accepted, without hesitation, as the most admirable architectural work of modern times. It is closely modeled after the Parthenon, and is probably equal, except in variety and richness of ornament, to what the Parthenon was. Its material is white Alpine marble, brought from the Untersberg, where, according to the old legend, Charlemagne sits with his Paladins awaiting the deliverance of Germany. Schwanthaler's colossal group of the victory of Hermann over the Romans fills the pediment of the northern front, which overlooks a lovely green valley. An allegorical group by the same artist, from designs by Rauch, occupies the southern front, which is raised on vast foundation terraces of masonry 120 feet in hight.

The Walhalla stands in the center of an arc of hills washed by the Danube, and looks beyond his waters and over the plains of Bavaria, to the snowy line of the Noric Alps. Its position is finely chosen, but the effect of the superb building is painfully marred by the clumsy mass of foundation work on which it stands. The introduction of oblique lines of stairway, which, as you descend, rise beyond the terraces against which they are built, disturbs the imposing contrast of the simple uprights and horizontals. The temple itself is dwarfed, and the eye is drawn away from its airy grace and symmetry to rest on the blank, glaring dead-walls which uphold it. The interior is finished in the chromatic style so lavishly employed by the ancient Greeks, and dazzles one with its gilded roof, its mosaic floor, and its walls of precious marbles. It forms a single hall, between two and three hundred feet in length and nearly sixty in hight. The walls are broken by two pilaster-like projections, on each side, upon which stand statues of the Northern Valkyride or Fates, holding on their heads the bases of the arches supporting the iron roof. The general impression produced is one of great richness and splendor, with a dash of barbaric extravagance. The fourteen statues of the Fates, upholding the roof, are painted and gilded, and remind one rather too strongly of Dresden china. Around the sides of the hall the busts of ninety-eight distinguished Germans, executed in Carrarra marble, are placed on separate brackets, while a frieze of the same material, above them, typifies the history of German Civilization.

The fine harmony of the coloring, the soft gleam of the polished marbles, and the imposing dimensions of the hall, give it an effect which at first bewilders the judgment, but cannot keep it captive. The Parthenon is not a German Walhalla. The pure and perfect simplicity of Grecian art does not represent the exuberant German mind, so rich in its fancy, so subtle in its imagination, so profound and far-thoughted, yet always serious in its expression, always removed from the grace, the poise, the wondrous balance and symmetry of the Greek Apollo. Nor are the natural adjuncts of the temple more fitting. The somber fir, or even the oak, is too stern to grow in its shadow; the clouds and storms, the pale sky of the North, are too cold to be its background. It should stand high on a headland, above a sparkling sea, with the blue of a summer noon behind it; where the spiry cypress might mock its shafts, and the palm lift beside them a more graceful capital.

As a great work, the Walhalla is a failure; as a great copy, we shall accept it, and accord all honor to the patriotic spirit which consecrates it. The busts are generally well executed, but the six statues of Rauch—different embodiments of Victory, or Triumph—belong to the finest specimens of modern art. Half the busts are those of Dukes or Electors, whose names are not familiarly known outside of Germany: poets, artists, scholars and composers make up the other half. Schiller is there (and *his* head would not be out of place in the true Panthenon,) between Haydn and the dry, contracted, almost idiotic little head of Kaut. Goethe, Herder, Lessing, and even Burger, have a place. But I looked with the most lively satisfaction at the head of Luther, which was at first omitted, (Bavaria being Catholic,) but which the universal outcry of all Germany forced the King to restore. And not only Luther, but that fiery reformer, Ulrich von Hutten, whose motto: "*Ich hab's gewagt*" (I have dared it,) accompanies his bust. Melancthon is still wanting, though Erasmus finds a place.

Ratisbon is a quiet city, with a beautiful old Cathedral and pleasant promenades. I had no curiosity to see the Chamber of Torture, under the Rathshaus, in spite of the solicitations of four valets de place, who wished to earn a fee by accompanying me. With German caution, the porter roused us at 4 o'clock, in order to leave by 5½ o'clock. We wandered to the boat shivering in the mist, and sat there four mortal hours before the Captain ventured to start. The hills were shrouded and the Walhalla was invisible, as we passed, but soon the Danube wandered out upon a plain, which his current, brimmed to the top of the banks, threatened to overflow. Towards noon the spires of Straubing were close at hand, but so remarkably crooked is the river, that we chassez'd backward and forward before the town for nearly an hour, before dancing up to it. As we passed under the bridge I thought of the beautiful Agnes Bernauer, the wife of Duke Albert of Bavaria, who was thrown from it into the Danube during her husband's absence, by his savage father's order.

Now the blue mountains of the *Bøhmer-Wald*, a Bohemian Forest, rose on our left, but the high, wooded summits leaned to each other and shut us out from a look into their wild recesses. In one place only they touched the river. Elsewhere a chain of lower but not less picturesque hills kept them in the rear. Soon after leaving the plain we reach Passau, the last Bavarian town, built on a bold hight at the junction of the Danube and the Inn. Here we touch for a few minutes, and then start for Linz, as the passengers suppose, although it is late in the afternoon. The scenery is strikingly bold and beautiful.—The only dwellings we see are the wooden cottages of the woodmen and the herdsmen: here and there a slope of pasture-ground breaks the monotony of the unpruned forests. A rosy sunset colors the distant peaks of the Bœhmer-Wald, and the gorges through which we pass are growing dark with twilight. A rude village appears, in a nook of the mountains; the steamer's gun is fired, and we swing around to the bank and make fast, for the Captain is afraid of whirlpools and other terrors.

As we step ashore we are met by beggars and Austrian Custom-House officers. While the latter are politely explaining to us that we must leave all our baggage on board, the church-bell chimes vespers. Officers and beggars take off their hats and stand silent, repeating their prayers. There is a *wirthshaus* on the bank, with a landlady as thick as a barrel, who gives us each a double bed (the upper bed much larger than the under) and half a pint of water, to wash our faces in the morning. Our room secured, we go down to the guests' room and order supper. The village magistrate and two priests and a number of Austrian soldiers, take their places at our table, and drink large draughts of "nasty porter," as I heard it called by a cockney in Nuremberg. The smoke soon becomes so thick, and the tobacco is of such rank Austrian growth, that we retire to our smothering beds. The steamer's cannon rouses us at four o'clock; we are off at daylight, sweeping down between the cold, dark mountains, and in spite of two hours delay on account of fogs, succeed in reaching Linz by ten o'clock.

Nothing could be more gentle and agreeable than the Custom-House and passport examination, soothed as it was by the extreme politeness of the officials. Austria received us as tenderly as a mother would her returning children; and so far as concerns her people, we profited by the change. The Southern warmth, the grace and suavity of the Austrian character, impress one very pleasantly after leaving the muddy-headed Bavarians. We were obliged to remain till next morning in Linz; but the soft, warm air, the gay Italian aspect of the streets, and the beauty of the surrounding scenery, reconciled us to the delay. Besides, from the parapet of the Schlossberg, did we not hail the airy ranges of the Noric and Styrian Alps?

At last, however, after losing three hours in waiting for the fog to disperse, we are off for Vienna. The sun comes out bright and warm over the thousand islands in the channel of the Danube. We are a motley crew: three Russians; an American, fresh from Moscow, and on his way to Poland; a Scotch physician; an Austrian, whom I take to be a secret spy, because he has a sneaking face, and talks in whispers about Hungary; and a Carmelite monk, who is the very picture of jolly humor and good living. The brisk air and rapid motion give us an appetite, and we are not sorry that dinner is ready at 12 o'clock. Before we have finished three of the ten courses, we see through the cabin-windows that we have passed the rich meadow-lands and are among the forests and hills. The monk, whose capacious girdle is getting tight, is anxious we should not lose the best points of the scenery; and, as we shoot under the Castle of Grein, says hastily: "I think the gentlemen ought now to go on deck." We rush up stairs bareheaded, the monk rolls after us, and the rest of the company follow. The Danube is shut in the hills; a precipitous crag, crowned with a ruin, rises in front, and the monk says we shall pass behind it, but we do not believe him. Nevertheless, the current carries us onward like the wind and we shoot into a gateway scarcely wider than our boat, down a roaring rapid. The crag and the ruin are now behind us, but there are two others in front. Between them the river turns sharply round a ledge of rocks, and boils in a foaming whirlpool. This is the celebrated *Wirbel*, the Charybdis of the Upper Danube. Our strong steamer walks straight through its center, but slightly shaken by the agitated waters, and, satisfied that we have done justice to the exciting passage, we go below to finish our dinner.

For nearly fifty miles further, our course lies among the mountains. From the summit to the water's edge they are mantled with forests, broken here and there by cliffs and jagged walls of granite. Sometimes a little village finds place at the entrance of a side-valley, or a grim ruin is held against the sky by a peak which challenges access, but the general aspect is wild, sublime and lonely. Here, again, I found the Danube grander than the Rhine. The mountains are infinitely finer in their native clothing of forests, rough though it be, than in their Rhenish veneering of vine-terraces, through which their crags of sterile rock show with the effect of a garment out at the knees and elbows. The hills of the Danube wear their forests of pine and larch and oak as Attila might have worn his lion's robe.

As we pass the magnificent monastery of Molk, our Carmelite talks juicily of the glorious wines in the cellar, and the good dinners which the Benedictines enjoy within its walls. He tells of the hills in Hungary and Moravia where the best wines grow, and his eyes are still sparkling with the remembrance of them, as we reach the shattered crags of Durrenstein. We look up at the crumbling tower in which Richard of the Lion-Heart was imprisoned, and wonder on which side of it stood Blondel, when he sang the lay which discovered the royal captive. We feel our blood grow warm and our hearts beat faster, as we think of that story of faithful love. But the boat speeds on and brings us to Stein, where we leave the mountains, and leave, alas! our ruddy Carmelite. The best of wines be poured out to him, wherever he goes!

The sun is just sinking into a bed of molten crimson and yellow and amber-green, as we reach Tulu. Vienna is but an hour distant, and the twilight is long and clear, but the captain says stop, and we stop, heartily wishing ourselves in an American boat, with an American captain, "bound to put her through by daylight." We are indebted to the influence of a young officer, in getting a bad supper from an uncivil landlady on shore, and go back to the boat, where we lie all night in the cabin with aching bones, and a child's wooden stool for a pillow.

This morning an hour's steaming brought us to Nussdorf, a village about three miles from the city, where we were landed and left to shift for ourselves. Four of us hired a fiacre and started with our baggage. A certificate given us at Linz saved us the trouble of examination, and we were not asked for our passports. So here we are in Vienna, with much less annoyance than one experiences on landing at Ostend. Of the city, more anon. Yours, B. T.

FRANCE.

We take the following from a letter of our Paris Correspondent:

DISSATISFACTION WITH THE GREAT EXHIBITION.—There is a good deal of discontent expressed by the papers at the distribution of the prizes by the Juries of the Great Exhibition. The *Constitutionnel*, especially, considers that the medals have been bestowed with partiality, and that France has been treated with injustice and in a niggardly spirit. The *Presse* coincides in this opinion. The *Debats*, however, insists that the French exhibitors have received their deserts, and thinks the accusations of the journals mentioned are puerile exaggerations. The *Siecle* takes the ground that England has no right to appropriate to herself the surplus money arising from the Exhibition, and thinks that as it is a fund to which all the nations of the earth contributed, it ought to be devoted to an object which should have their united assent. To this, Galignani, substituting for once the pen for the scissors, replies with considerable point: "This argument is very ingenious, but the *Siecle* should not forget that the risk was English, and that if there had been a deficit, instead of a surplus, a proposition to foreign states to contribute toward the loss would have met with a very cold reception." Bravo, Galignani!

A SOCIALIST POET.—A man by the name of Dejacque, arrested for participation in the insurrection of June, and condemned and transported, but pardoned after an eleven months' term, has just been tried for the publication of a collection of poems entitled the *Lazariennes*, which the Attorney-General considers nothing better than a call upon the poor to rise in rebellion against the rich. Mr. Dejacque is a worker in glue by trade, but a man of letters by taste. The preamble of the work was read by the prosecutor, as sustaining the accusation of "exciting the citizens to hatred and contempt of each other." It runs thus, literally rendered:

Lazarus is the poor man, anonymous existence,
The needy wretch that sits at the threshold of Opulence
The hungered and athirst that asks a seat at the feast,
Where the rich man sits, egotistical and stately;
Lazarus is a specter, waving his winding sheet,
The great dismherited,
Who rises up from the depths of his shivering misery,
And shouts, Equality!

A song, supposed to be chanted by the *Past*, the *Present* and the *Future*, was next read by the Government's attorney. The Present speaks in the following terms:

Working man, under the whip,
Under the bit and the spur,
All day unceasingly bent,
Produce and die for your master.
I mean to live on your misery,
And under my grinding knee
To make you grub in the dirt!

Of this collection of metrical socialism, one thousand copies were printed, a large part of which were seized by the police. The author was condemned by the jury to two years' imprisonment and $400 fine, and the printer to the same fine, but to six months' confinement only.

SINGULAR PHYSIOLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS.—At the last session of the Academy of Sciences, an interesting paper was read, being an account of the joint labors of three physiologists in a curious field of observation. It has always been matter of knowledge that in warm-blooded animals, and especially in man, the temperature of the central parts of the body is remarkably steady during health, and that it is only under the influence of disease, or at the approach of death, that the temperature increases or diminishes. After having examined a large number of patients, either sick or dying, with a view of ascertaining the variations of heat or cold, the three savans made a series of experiments upon healthy subjects, by means of medicaments, introduced into the digestive organs or into the blood, with the same object. They obtained results easily perceptible by the thermometer. While it was seen to diminish the temperature, it was exceedingly difficult to elevate it. The most exciting substance never caused an increase over one-quarter as great as the decrease obtained by the administration of the sulphate of copper, the most active agent in destroying the vital heat. As a result of their experiments, they divide all medicinal substances into three classes, according to their effect upon animal warmth. The first embraces all those which increase the heat of any warm-blooded animal, such as strychnine, phosphorus, Spanish flies, sulphate of quinine, cinnamon, and the acetate of ammonia. The second includes such substances as diminish bodily heat; among the alteratives are iodine and corrosive sublimate; among the purgatives, the sulphate of copper; all the sedatives, as the acetate of morphine, laudanum, codeine and belladonna, and all lethargic agents, such as the cyanide of potassium. The third category includes all medicinal preparations which act differently upon the temperature of the body, according to the dose employed. The most violent purgatives, such as gamboge, coloquintida, and croton oil, when given in quantities insufficient to cause death, increase the temperature, after having diminished it for two or three hours. Others produce different effects, in large and in small doses.

WHIM OF ARTISTS.—The *Avénement* gives the following anecdote as illustrative of the fanaticism of painters for their own school, and of their contempt for any other theory or style. A celebrated amateur bought at an auction a modern landscape, painted upon a canvas of very ancient date. Rather surprised that the artist should have chosen so antique a ground-work for his inspirations, he ordered a picture restorer to remove the landscape, in order to see whether there were not an older painting underneath. The sky being rubbed off, the head, shoulder and part of the arm of a Belisarius, of the school of David, was brought to light. But the investigations of the amateur did not stop here. The spirit of wine used in effacing the first layer of color, had slightly damaged the second; a few scales falling off discovered a third layer, which subsequently turned out to be a Leda and her swan, and which was, by both the connoisseur and the restorer, attributed to the pencil of Boucher. So here are two painters, representing two periods and two *ecoles*, successively occupied in destroying works that appeared to them like daubs, but which, in the eyes of their own party, would have passed for *chefs d'œuvres*. Upon one and the same canvas is the Pampadour school, effaced by the Greco-Roman, and both buried under the colors of modern art.

JUSTICE TO AN AMERICAN AUTHOR.—Perhaps the ablest of the French writers on Political Economy is M. BASTIAT, and his ablest book is the *Harmonies Economiques*, on which, more than on all his other productions, his reputation has been founded. The fact that the doctrines and ideas which give value to that work were not original with Bastiat, but were borrowed without credit of Mr. HENRY C. CAREY, has several times been alluded to in our columns, and we are glad to observe that the claims of our distinguished countryman are now being admitted in France. In an article published in the *Journal des Economistes* for October, M. de Fontenay, the intimate friend and literary executor of Bastiat, finally admits that the latter was not himself the discoverer of the principles he so successfully employed. In an article on Rent, M. de Fontenay, after stating the demolishing argument against the famous theory of Ricardo, goes on to inform his readers that "this capital refutation of Ricardo's theory was first indicated to me by Bastiat, who, as I believe, *had borrowed it from Carey*. Its fundamental idea is eminently just." This confession is confirmed by the editor of the *Journal*, in a note to the same article, in which, speaking of the various attempts to refute Ricardo by writers who had not previously prepared themselves by thoroughly studying and understanding his theory, he says that "Mr. Carey is the only writer who seems to us to have regularly attacked it."

It is a matter of course that the controversy relative to the authorship of the new views on the subject of rent and population, first propounded by Mr. Carey, and afterward reannounced by Bastiat, should have called to them a degree of attention which their intrinsic importance so richly merits. They are now very widely and earnestly studied in France, and have been the subject of discussion for the next prize medal of the politico-economical department of the French Academy. We notice these facts with satisfaction, not only because they show that justice is being rendered to our countryman, but as an evidence of the spread of sound ideas upon a subject of great practical importance.

POSTMASTERS' FEES.—Not a little uneasiness and alarm have prevailed among the 20,000 deputy Postmasters throughout the country, in consequence of the great falling off in the amount of their commissions, resulting from the operation of the late law of Congress, reducing the rates of postage, while the labor of their offices has been materially increased. This anxiety, however, had been somewhat allayed by the fact, that the Postmaster-General, anticipating the results referred to, had wisely procured the insertion of a proviso for the relief of his deputies, though until recently some fears had been entertained as to so favorable a construction being given to that provision as could be desired.

All such fears have now been set at rest, by the appearance of the Postmaster-General's circular, of the 29th ult., upon this subject; and while it provides, and at once secures very satisfactory relief, it also furnishes further evidence of the enlightened and liberal policy which has distinguished Judge HALL'S administration of the affairs of the Post-Office Department.

It may not be out of place here to add—and we are confident that all who have had personal intercourse with Judge HALL will join us in the remark—that we have never had an officer at the head of that or any other department of the Government, in whom decision and energy in official business are more happily tempered by personal courtesy and kindness.

RUSSIA.

The Social System.

In Russia there does not prevail that marked distinction between the modes of life of the dwellers in town and country which is found in other countries; and the general freedom of trade, which in other nations is still an object of exertion, has existed in Russia since a long by-gone period. A strong manufacturing and industrial tendency prevails in a large portion of Russia, which, based upon the communal system, has led to the formation of what we may term "national association factories." And here again we find a portion of the St. Simonist theories of social reform actually carried into practice.

Operative industry in Russia is not based on the system of each place having a number of workmen of different trades, according to the amount of supply required by the immediate neighborhood alone; instead of this, the various articles are manufactured in gross, in large quantities, and then brought to the markets for sale in detail. Hence the markets in Russia are of quite a different nature from those in most other countries, and one consequence of the system is that the national spirit of association has, in course of time, highly developed itself. The tendency of manufacturing industry is thus, for the most part, entirely communal; the inhabitants of one village, for example, are all shoemakers, in another smiths, in a third tanners only, and so on. A natural division of labor thus prevails exactly as in a factory. The members of the commune mutually assist one another with capital or labor; purchases are usually made in common, and sales also invariably, but they always send their manufacturers in a general mass to the towns and market places, where they have a common warehouse for their disposal. Besides this, there exists no such thing as a trade guild or company, nor any restraint of a similar nature. Any member of a commune can at pleasure abandon the occupation he may be engaged in, and take up another; all that he has to do in effecting the change is to quit the commune in which his old trade is carried on, and repair to another, where his new one is followed. The cultivation of the soil in general is not very remunerative, and also can only be engaged in for a few months in the year, which are perhaps the reason why the peasant in Russia evinces so great an inclination for manufactures and other branches of industry, the character of which generally depends on the nature of raw products found in the districts where they are followed. In the village of Wixen, for instance, in the government of Nishni Novogorod, where the majority of the inhabitants form an association for the preparation of leather, there are also six glue manufacturers, two tallow candle makers, and eight large factories for the manufacture of hair rugs, which, however, are also made in many houses as a sort of secondary occupation. Of all these articles, there are disposed of in the annual fair at Nishni Novogorod more than 50,000 roubles worth, and in other less important markets 10,000 to 20,000 roubles worth besides.

In the Government of Yaroslav the whole inhabitants of one place are potters. Upward of 2,000 inhabitants in another place are rope-makers and harness-makers. The population of the district of Uglitch in 1835 sent three million yards of linen cloth to the markets of Rybeeck and Moscow. The peasants on one estate are all candle-makers on a second they are all manufacturers of felt hats, and on a third they are solely occupied in smiths' work, chiefly the making of axes. In the district of Pashechna there are almost seventy tanneries which give occupation to a large number of families; they have no paid workmen, but perform all the operations among themselves, preparing leather to the value of about 25,000 roubles a year, and which is disposed of on their account in Rybeeck. In the districts where the forest-trees mostly consist of lindens, the inhabitants are principally engaged in the manufacture of matting, which, according to its greater or less degree of fineness, is employed either for sacking or sail cloth, or merely as packing mats. The linden tree grows only on moist soils, rich in black *humus*, or vegetable mould: but will not grow at all in sandy soils, which renders it comparatively scarce in some parts of Russia, while in others it grows abundantly. The mats are prepared from the inner bark, and as the linden is ready for stripping at only 15 years of age, and indeed is best at that age, these trees form a rich source of profit for those who dwell in the districts where they grow. The Russian has a great disposition for wandering about beyond his native place, but not for traveling abroad. The love of home seems to be merged to a great extent, in love of country. A Russian feels himself at home everywhere within Russia, and, in a political sense, this rambling disposition of the people, and the close intercourse between the inhabitants of the various Provinces to which it leads, contributes to knit a closer bond of union between the people, and to arouse and maintain a national feeling and a patriotic love of country. Although he may quit his native place, the Russian never wholly severs the connection with his native place; and, as we have before mentioned, being fitted by natural talent to turn his hand to any species of work, he in general never limits himself in his wanderings to any particular occupation, but tries at several, and chooses whatever may seem to him the most advantageous. When they pursue any definite extensive trade, such as that of a carpenter, mason, or the like, in large towns, they associate together, and form a sort of trades' association, and the cleverest assume the position of a sort of contractor for the labor required. Thus, if a nobleman should want to build a house, or even a palace, in St. Petersburg, he applies to such a contractor (*prodratshnik*), lays before him the elevation and plans, and makes a contract with him to do the work required for a specified sum. The contractor then makes an agreement with his comrades respecting the assistance they are to give, and the share they are to receive of the profit, after which he usually sets off to his native place, either alone or with some of his comrades, to obtain the requisite capital to carry on the work with. The inhabitants, who also have their share of the gains, really make up the necessary sum, and every thing is done in trust and confidence, it is, indeed, very rare to hear of frauds in these matters. The carpenters (*plotniki*) form a peculiar class of the workmen we have described. As most of the houses in Russia, and especially in the country parts, are built of wood, the number and importance of the carpenters, as a class, are very great in comparison with other countries. Almost every peasant, whatever other trade he may follow, is also something of a carpenter, and knows how to shape and put together the timbers for a dwelling. The *plotniki* in the villages are never anything more than these general carpenters, and never acquire any regular knowledge of their business. The real Russian *plotnik* seldom carries any other tools with him than an axe and a chisel, and with these he wanders through all parts of the empire, seeking, and everywhere finding, work.

Many also wander as grooms and coach-drivers; and everywhere, but especially in Moscow, we find a peculiar class, the drosky drivers, (*isvostshiki*) formed of natives of all parts of the empire, for the Russian is a born coachman. One sees a lad of ten or twelve hanging all day, and sometimes all night, on one of the shafts of a coach; and there he eats and drinks, and makes one with his horse, and in 18 or 20 degrees of cold he will sleep soundly on the back of his four footed companion, apparently unheeding the inclemency of the weather. With his 17th or 18th year he advances to the dignity of a coachman on the box, when he manages to scrape as much together, by saving and speculating, as enables him to buy a horse and drosky of his own, together with a sledge for the Winter, and from that time forward, his only dwelling is the small front seat of his drosky, or his sledge. In general two *isvostshiki* club together, and keep three horses for their two vehicles, so that each horse may have rest every third day.

A large number of the wandering Russians are serfs, a circumstance which arose in the following manner: Peter the First and his immediate successors introduced various branches of manufacture into Russia, and endeavored to force them into precocious activity. For this purpose they invited foreign manufacturers, gave them capital or made advances, granted them ground for their establishments, and, moreover, transferred over to them a number of serfs, generally a whole village, to make workmen of, who then stood in the same relation to their master as the serfs on an estate to the landlord; that is, they worked without receiving pay, while the manufacturers were answerable for their maintenance, clothing and housing. Experience, however, soon proved that the Russian is a bad workman so long as he labors wholly for the good of another, while, on the other hand, he is exceedingly skilful and industrious when working on his own account. The consequence was, that the land-owners having serfs gave them permission to engage in manufactures, and to seek for work for themselves where they liked, on the mere condition of paying their lord a personal tax (*obrok*.) Each person is rated according to his personal capabilities, talents and capacities, at a certain capital, and according to what he estimates himself capable of gaining he is taxed at a fixed sum as interest of that capital. Actors and singers are generally serfs, and they are obliged to pay *obrok* for the exercise of their art as much as the lowest handicraftsman. In recent times the manufactory system of Western Europe has been introduced into Russia, and the natives have been encouraged to establish all sorts of manufactures on these models, and it remains to be seen whether the new system will have the anticipated effect of contributing to the formation of a middle class, which hitherto has been the chief want in Russia as a political State. [London Morning Adv.

MASSACHUSETTS.

ABDUCTING A HUSBAND.—On Saturday a warrant was issued against a Mrs. Blanchard, and her son-in-law, a Mr. Palmer, charging them with having kidnapped David Blanchard, husband of the first named party. It appears Mr. Blanchard, against the will of his wife, some time since went to Marblehead to reside with his sister, Mrs. Ephraim Brown—that the wife on Tuesday last, sent Palmer thither for him—and that Blanchard came to Boston without acquainting his sister of his intention so to do. On Wednesday, Mrs. Brown went to Boston for her brother; but he could not be found. On Thursday, an application was made to Chief Justice Shaw for a writ of habeas corpus to take Blanchard out of the custody of his wife. The warrant was issued, but on searching the house, the officers could not find the husband. A warrant was then obtained from Judge Merrill, for the purpose of arresting the wife and son-in-law, which charges them with kidnapping. The whereabouts of the husband is not yet known.

☞ The store of Isaac Newell, Jr., in Lynn, was robbed of $400 worth of goods last Thursday night.

☞ The total contributions to the American Anti-Slavery Society, for the month of October, were $1,049 35.

MISSOURI.

DEATH OF JUDGE GLOVER.—Peter G. Glover, Treasurer of the State died on Sunday last at the residence of Mr. Thomas Anderson in Osage County, whither he and other friends had gone on a hunting excursion. He died of ulceration of the bowels.

☞ Engagements of hogs have been made by some of our packers at $3 75 to $4, but there is a disposition among buyers to hold off at these unprecedented large prices, and consequently but few actual purchases have been made up to the present time. We have also heard of contracts made at prices below the above figures. At Franklin, Delphi, and other lesser points, $3 and $3 50 are the ruling prices. Beef cattle are quoted at $3 and $3 50. [St. Louis paper.

HOGS.—Packers at this point are paying from $3 50 to $4 per hundred for hogs. There are quite a number scattered through the country, and we do not think this price can be commanded long; we notice that no advance has taken place on the Ohio for some time past. [Lafayette Gazette.

NEW-JERSEY.

RELIGIOUS.—The public recognition of the Trinity Baptist Church at Trenton, took place on the 5th inst. The exercises were conducted by Rev. Messrs. S. E. Pierce, E. M. Barker, J. J. Baker, J. B. Saxton and Joseph Hammitt. S. E. Pierce, of the Princeton Seminary, will officiate as pastor.

Rev. Asahel Bronson, Pastor of a Presbyterian Church at Stanhope N. J., was baptised on the 1st inst., by Rev. John Teasdale, of the Baptist denomination.

Rev. Charles A. Votey will be ordained at English Neighborhood, Pastor of the Baptist Church at that place, on next Monday. Exercises by Drs. Dowling, of New-York, Hague of Newark, Rev. J. H. Taggart, and Rev. H. C. Fish.

VERMONT.

☞ A shocking accident occurred in Ludlow, on Saturday of last week, by which two children of Cyrus Baker, the one a girl of seven years and the other a boy of four, were killed. They were playing near a cart body which had been left standing upon one end when it suddenly fell upon them killing the girl instantly, and injuring the boy so seriously, that he died on Tuesday night. The accident was not discovered until probably half an hour after it had occurred.